So here's the place we play the duce

To [?] this institution I refer
Some times we get a transfer
We tell Dr Campbell were [sic] all right
He knows were crazy at first sight

some times we lunies dont no [sic] why we are here
Campbell orders a dose of saults
And sends us to the rear
To keep us in good cheer

Of course we all have flats to let
I write this poem it makes me sweat
Of course I have a good excuse
Campbell says its no use

We all get in and cant get out
So here's the place we grow stout
Campbell laughs as he passes by
So we lunies have a good cry

Every morning Campbell takes a trip
To see us lunies on the rip
All kinds of tricks we do preform [sic]
So now its time to reform

Or Dr Campbell is dressed in white
And we think he's all right
A pair of glasses he does wear
Of course we never see him swear

His disposition is very kind
And his face most refined
The ladies say he looks cute
I wish I had him for my bruite [?]

He is a Christian I do believe
And of course will not deceive
So with a jest of some kind
He's very clever in his mind

Now what do you think of your patient poet
Its only now you begin to know it
---- is a poet and like[s] to show it

[cxxxv] See Archives of Ontario, Inventory RG 63, Inspector of Asylums, Prisons and Public Charities, "Historical Sketch."

[cxxxvi] See Dr. Edward Ryan, "Seven Years' Advance in the Ontario Hospitals for Mental Diseases," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 6.1 (October, 1912): 3-11. Edward Ryan, a fellow Asylum doctor, complained about Clarke's wasting so much time and energy worrying about "the degeneration in store for us" (9), at the expense of "the plain demands of our own day." Greenland believes that the attack was principally motivated by an old quarrel in which Clarke called